She takes a sword, and runs at him behinde.

Seruant. Oh I am slaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to see some mischiefe on him, oh! *He dies.*

Corn. Least it see more, preuent it, out vilde Ielly,
Where is thy luster now?

Glost. All darke and comfortles, wheres my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the sparkes of nature, to quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was hee that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to pitty thee.

Glost. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abused,
Kinde Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiued a hurt, follow me Lady,
Turne out that eyeless villaine, throw this slaue vpon
The dunghil!, *Regan* I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednesse I do,
If this man come to good.

2. *Seruant.* If she liue long, and in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turne monsters.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old Earle, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogish madnesse
Allowes it selfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him.

Exit.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune
Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter,

Who's

Who's here, my father poorely led, world, world, ô world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Glost er led by an olde man.

Old man. O my good Lord, I haue bene your tenant, & your fathers tenant this foure score——

Glost. Away, get thee away, good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alacke sir, you cannot see your way.

Glost. I haue no way, and therefore want no eies,
I stumbled when I saw, full oft tis seene
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Prooue our commodities; ah deare sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch,
Ide say I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now, who's there?

Edg. O Gods, who ist can say I am at the worst,
I am worse then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet, the worst is not,
As long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old man. Fellow where goest?

Glost. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begger too.

Glost. He has some reason, else he could not beg,
In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarse friends with him, I haue heard more since,
As flyes are to'th wanton boyes, are we to'th Gods,
They bit vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? bad is the trade that must play the foole to sorrow, angring it selfe and others; blesse thee master.

Glost. Is that the naked fellow?